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George F. Bristow's fine oratorio, "Daniel," was performed for the second time by the Mendelssohn Union last evening, at too late a period of the week for us to do more than chronicle the fact.

#### CERCLE FRANCAIS DE L'HARMONIE.

Prince Carnival held court on Thursday, the 23d inst., at the Academy of Music, under the auspices of the "CERCLE FRANCAIS DE L'HARMONIE," and admitted in his presence the gay and festive courtiers of the kingdom of Frolic.

At 9 o'clock, her highness the "Grand Duchess of Gerolstein," accompanied by "Prince Paul," made her appearance, followed by "General Boum" in full dress, with his preposterous "*Panache*," the unsophisticated "Fritz," with his lovely "Wanda," "Baron Grog," "Baron Puck," and the rest of her funny court.

*Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, "Arthos," "Aramis," "Porthos," and d' "Artagnon," courtiers of the Bourbon dynasty and of historic fame, mixed with monks, nuns, dominos, harlequins, clowns, cavaliers, vivandières, Swiss peasant girls, "Mephistopheles," "Hamlet," and innumerable funny costumes and multiform other masks, all of whom were correspondingly happy. The greater part of the visitors came after midnight, and proved chiefly to be an exodus from the different stages, representing their respective celebrities and galaxies, especially the "Grand Duchess," and the "White Fawn." The Ra-ya-ta-Kee Japanese troupe also dropped in and indulged in real Japs' life in some of their characteristic dances. A certain abandon and *cancan* proclivities were early noticeable and extremely refreshing to this terpsichorean festivity.

Very little of the entertainment could be considered distinctively characteristic of the French balls. Like all other New York balls, it consisted notoriously of a miscellaneous, heterogeneous assemblage and combination of nationalities, representing a perfect cosmopolitan world, nay even a wild Babel—French, Germans, Irish, Spaniards, Italians, Americans, Turks, Greeks, Chinese and Japs "*coulouyquent*" each other; totally indifferent to nationality, and not caring whether the other had emerged from the upper or under world.

The many attractive and beautiful occupants of the boxes, the unusually large number of pretty faces, and the great variety of the most charming dresses, rendered unnecessary any other additions of decorations to the Academy.

The Committee of Arrangements was throughout courteous, and did everything to ensure comfort and enjoyment to the guests, who, transgressing from the nocturnal to the diurnal, dispersed only at four o'clock Friday morning.

#### THE WATER COLOR EXHIBITION AT THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

There are really so many good things beyond what we mentioned last week, and so many bad things in this art offering to the public, that we are almost puzzled with the task we have taken up. There is but one thing we would urge upon those who may have the direction of this exhibition next year, which is that the rule, less pictures and more art, will be acceptable. An artist

should rarely have more than one picture upon the walls, but that one should be a good one.

One of the cleverest pictures in the corridor, after those we mentioned last week, is No. 468, "The Hostess," by W. Lusan Thomas; bright in color, clever in drawing, and telling a pleasant story. No. 462 is a good sketch of Staten Island, from Coney Island, by Alex. G. Dunn, while directly below it hangs an unnatural daub, No. 463, entitled "Twilight on the Hudson." Such water, such sky, and such hills, were never seen since the world was made.

No. 479 is a good "Lower Falls of Genesee," by Van Ingen. His water in motion is creditable, with the exception of one yellow mass at the top of the fall, which never was "a study from life."

Mr. J. G. Philp has at No. 715 a Marine of great excellence, and at 716 a landscape of equal merit. The artist has certainly in both shown wonderful freedom and handling of color, and though in such opposite walks, can claim a high place. No. 521 is a clever cherry picture, by J. W. Hill. No. 525 is a shocking attempt to sketch the house in Philadelphia where Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence. Falconer is the one that did it.

At 696 Mr. Darley has a grand drawing in India ink of a cavalry charge at Fredericksburg. As Darley never does anything bad, it is only necessary to say that this picture is above his average.

Miss Clara S. Lane has at No. 710 a beautiful branch of Iris, deserving all praise, and at No. 711 a group of Angels quite underserving of the same. At Nos. 595 and 596, Mr. Ehninger has two designs for fans, painted on kid, and calculated to arouse a zephyr of admiration wherever they may wave.

No. 707 is an excellent view of the Valley of the Conway, Wales, by Mr. J. C. Reed, a careful artist. Mrs. Greatorex shows some beautiful pen and ink sketches at No. 20, "Venice from a Gondola." Arthur Lumley has two clever pictures at Nos. 535 and 541, "The Stolen Interview," and "Boyhood." Mr. Lumley is a rising artist, and is devoting much of his time to the cultivation of water color.

At No. 559 Mr. T. M. Richardson has a good picture of Corfu, smooth and bright.

Mr. C. G. Rosenberg has a picture of "Sunrise in the Desert," at 568. This artist is always particularly happy in his strong light effects. Nos. 569 and 579 are two frames of sketches by Paul Marny deserving of especial commendation. Marny is a name not known to an American public, but deserves to be. His sketches are bold and decisive, while his distances are finely kept and his color good. No. 583 is a charming fruit piece, by John W. Hill, mildly handled, but would have been better without the background. No. 584, a "Dead Duck" (not Forney,) by Henry Farrer, is well studied.

Mrs. Goldbeck has four pictures, two in the corridor, Nos. 597 and 598, and two in the East room, Nos. 428 and 437. These pictures are all studies of heads and are especially noticeable, the two first being in crayon, the last in color. That of "Little Nell" is a sweet face, full of poetry, and all are easy and graceful, showing the love of the artist for her art.

No. 361 is by Mr. A. H. Wyant, "Scene on the Upper Little Miami," is an excellent picture, simple and unpretending, but show-

ing the skill of the artist in handling his color. His management of his grays and foliage deserves encomium.

Mr. E. H. Wehnert has a fine figure at No. 343, a Roman Woman. It is an excellent study and well carried out in detail. Pride and Humility is a good picture by Boughton, at No. 357, very much of the French school, but telling its story well.

No. 360 is Susan Thomas' "Little Dorrit," the scene where Maggie is soliciting Little Dorrit for a story. "Now then, Little Mother, let's have a good 'un!" This is one of the most interesting pictures in the rooms. The whole execution is good and the subject well chosen. Why in the name of Art and Literature do not our artists go more to our modern writers and poets for subjects to paint, than to the ancient or to their own invention, which as a general thing does not seem to get beyond "A Study from Nature," "Meditation," "My Boy," and similar very original ideas. We would rather see them fly at the sun, and fall singed into a ditch, than know that they grovel forever without trying their wings.

Gifford has a good picture at No. 368. The "Deserted Whaler," the hulk of an old ship run ashore. The water is well handled.

No. 382 is the most imposing picture, in point of size, in the exhibition. It is "The Haunted House," by Alfred Fredericks, and represents an old manor, of the Elizabethan order, buried among foliage, and partaking of all that weird and ghastly look necessary for such a place. It is good, and saving a certain phosphorescent halo, which never could have come from the moon, but must have arisen from a ghost in a bad state of repair, would be an excellent picture. No. 396 is a Study of Apples, by Farrer. This artist has several fruit pieces, all good. No. 407, "Washington's Headquarters at Newburgh," by Craig, would be a desirable picture but for the fact that those Headquarters have been done and overdone.

Samuel Colman has a study of "Morning Glories" at No. 416, well worth study.

No. 425 is one of the cleverest pictures in the rooms; "American Citizens," by T. W. Wood, a group, of four figures, full of character, the negro, the Dutchman, the Irishman, and the Yankee. Mr. Wood has made a decided hit, and is capable of greater things.

No. 431 is a small picture by Messonier, entitled "The Cavalier." It has all his fine technique and color, but lacks the sense necessary to make it a really fine picture. No. 449, "Long, Long Ago," by Miss A. Claxton, is a good picture.

Having reached thus far, we have a strong disposition to speak especially of the bad pictures, but on looking over the walls we are discouraged with our task. There is something like 400 pictures in the rooms, and we feel sure that our two notices have comprised all the fine ones, though we will not say all the "from good to middling," but when we come to the bad we only gasp in open mouthed wonder and ask how they ever could have got the scores of them inside the Academy walls. There is but one solution, and that we fear is the true one, that the officers of the institution get up an exhibition not for the advancement of Art, but for the advancement of the bank account of the Academy.

TURN.—"Don Carlos" has proved a hit at the Regio Teatro.